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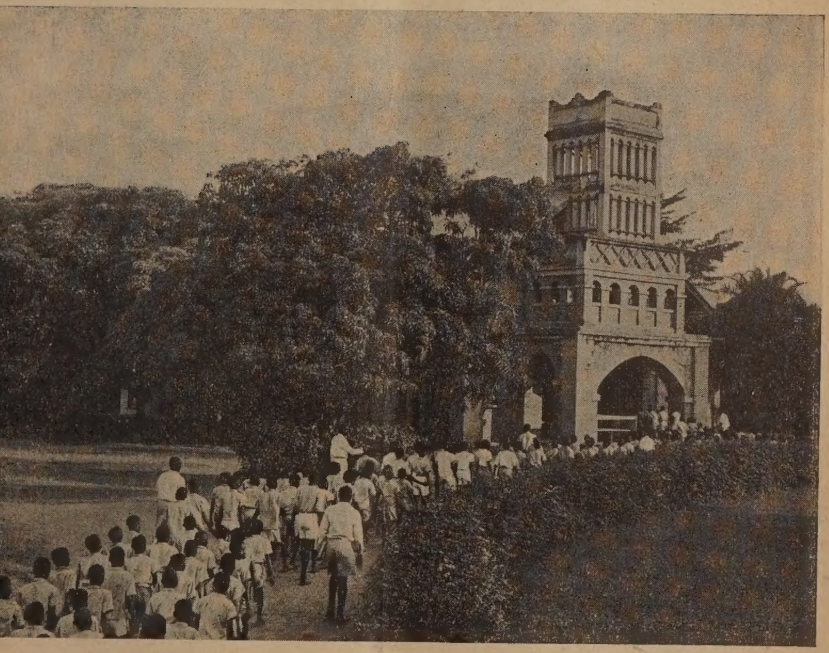
# Congo News Letter



## Kimpese Number

JANUARY 1952

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLIII January 1952 No. 1

# *KIMPESE NUMBER*

## *TABLE OF CONTENTS*

PAGE

A Greeting from E.P.I.'s Principal.....Dr. O. Stenström 3
What is Kimpese? ..... Ruth Erickson 4
Memories of Kimpese Years.....Dr. C. L. Mabie 10
As I Remember Kimpese .....Timoteo Vingadio 14
Reminiscences .....Dr. G. W. Carpenter 16
Kimpese 1919 – 1951 .....P. J. Nzakimwena 20
Growing Pains .....Elmer Hall 22
Music in the Air.....Margaret Hall 25
Evangelism at E.P.I.....Henry Erickson 27
E. P. I. – grams ..... 28
Greetings .....Samuel Kiundu 30
ABFMS staff members

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*Published Quarterly by the Missionairies of the A.B.F.M.S*

Subscription price 50 cents a year. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 25 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., A.B.F.M.S. Leopoldville II, Belgian Congo.

# Congo News Letter

IN 1947–48 I had the great privilege of visiting the U.S.A., having been invited by the A.B.F.M.S. for a year of studying at the Hartford Seminary Foundation and also to do some deputation work in Baptist churches. This was a great experience for me and I will never forget the churches in which I had an opportunity to speak about our co-operative work at E.P.I. Kimpese.

To all friends I met in New England, in the Middle West and the Far West I send my most cordial greetings. The work at Kimpese goes on and will go on — as we hope and pray — for many years to come and to be a great blessing to our Congo Churches which send students to this Institution. God is with us blessing and guiding day by day and His Kingdom is growing stronger in Congo each year.

Your in His service,
OSCAR STENSTRÖM

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*"Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning." Prov. 9:9*

*"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Tim. 2:15*

# *WHAT IS KIMPESE?*

RUTH ERICKSON

ON the back of our Congo News Letter are listed our A.B.F.M.S. missionaries according to their distribution on eight mission "stations." Strictly speaking, this is not correct. There are seven A.B.F.M.S. mission stations, each the center of a large territory for which the missionaries are responsible: — responsible, not only for all the evangelistic work, but for all schools (which at home we would call kindergarten and grade schools) and for all the medical work in the district. In each given district, there is no other Protestant Mission, but the Catholics, in almost every district, have built their church, schools and hospitals very close to ours. But Kimpese is different. If you note on the address list, there is a foot-note calling attention that one must add ABFMS to all the station addresses "except Kimpese." Are we not an American Mission station ? "Yes and No." We are a Union station, three missions (Svenska Missions Förbundet, British Baptist Mission and American Baptist Foreign Mission Society) working together, overcoming our language barriers and any other obstacles arising from different national customs in order to work harmoniously together in the work our Father has given us.

When friends in America, or England, or Sweden, speak of "Kimpese" they usually mean what we call "E.P.I." They are thinking primarily of the site where their missionaries are working. Kimpese is much more than that. Come visit us. As you land at Matadi, you will learn that Kimpese is a railroad station almost 5 hours by train from that port. You will enjoy the magnificent scenery — first along the Congo River with its swift channel, dangerous whirlpools, and precipitous rocks. Then you will go into the Crystal Mountain region with Peak Cambier looking right down on the train. Before you arrive at our station you will begin to see our Bangu Plateau — a spur of the Crystal Mts. It rises almost as abruptly as a wall behind Kimpese to a height of 900 ft. What a bustle you will see and hear at the Kimpese railroad station. Yes, Kimpese is an important railroad station, not only for our mission, and our new Protestant Hospital, but also for

ur close neighbors, a Catholic set-up; for Cooremans, a company ollecting fiber; for Congolite, a company making building locks; for two cattle and fruit plantations belonging to Belgians; or 8 or 9 Portuguese stores; for a trucking business carrying eight and passengers out toward the Congo River; for the offices nd homes of the Belgian Administrator and the Sanitary Agent; or several Belgians prospecting for gold and other minerals just eyond the railroad; and for a village engaged in raising manioc nd making and sending to Léopoldville the native substitute for read.

About a mile from the railroad station is the *Mission Protstante*. There you will find the *Ecole de Pasteurs et d'Instituteurs es Missions Evangeliques* (the School of Pastors and Teachers of ne Evangelical Missions). This is what our friends mean when ney say "Kimpese". We call it E.P.I. (using the initials only).

E.P.I. was formerly K.E.T.I. This meant Kongo Evangelical raining Institute. It was begun in 1908. At that time there were lready numerous mission stations throughout lower Congo, each ith its primary school engaged mostly in teaching Reading, Vriting and Bible — so that converts could learn to search the Vord of God for themselves. It was, even then, impossible or the white missionaries to do all the teaching for the many who anted to learn — let alone to train special ones for pastors. So nstead of trying to train a few leaders on each station, it was decidd to form a training school with emphasis on Evangelism. Two nission societies — the American Baptist Foreign Mission Soiety and the Baptist Missionary Society of England — participatd in the building of the Institute at Kimpese. A church and a chool were built and two missionary residences and a guest house. The church and the school house have long since been replaced y better structures — the guest house has been added to in rder to become a missionary residence — but the two original esidences still stand and are used constantly as residences of misonaries, though continouus battle must be waged against the ermites, since these buildings are mostly of European wood inead of brick and cement as are the newer homes.

At the time K.E.T.I. was established, the curriculum was uite simple. It consisted of Old Testament, New Testament and

Arithmetic all taught in Kikongo, the native language. There were only two couples on the staff — one American, one British. Even then, K.E.T.I. was an outstanding school. Of course, it was the *men* who had come to be trained as teachers and preachers. From the very beginning, no student was accepted who was not a Christian in good standing in his church. Also, he must have been under surveillance of the missionaries not only in school but in his work, and come with a good reference from them. If he was married his wife also must be a Christian. And when they arrived at K.E.T.I. *she*, too, must attend classes, Reading, Writing, Bible, Hygiene and Child-care, as well as Sewing and Cooking. In order to keep crying babies out of the Women's classes, each family had to bring a "baby-sitter" (more often than not a 10 or 12 year old boy.) In order to teach these youngsters, a primary school and a kindergarten had to be opened. Of course a dispensary was necessary, also a small store. The mission could buy salt-fish, soap, kerosene, matches, etc. at wholesale prices and so sell them cheaper than the Kimpese store-keepers to the students. So—K.E.T.I. was a community: not in a true sense a mission station, for a Mission Station implies a center for a territory and a number of villages around the center from which they get help and to which — in a certain sense — they belong. The villages around Kimpese do not in any way belong to Kimpese — but we do send students to each one every Sunday to preach. We have friendly relations with the villagers; we admit their children to our primary school, and we are delighted to have the villagers attend our worship services and become Kimpese church members.

In the early years of Kimpese there were only from 12 to 20 students. The number grew slowly. In 1937 *Svenska Missions Förbundet* (S.M.F.–Swedish Mission Society) joined the Institute. They added 2 new families to the staff as well as a large number to the student body. Most of the S.M.F. missionaries speak English fluently, but even if they did not, language would not be a barrier. The native language in this area is Kikongo. Many of our students come from far away. One of their first tasks here is to learn Kikongo. (It might be interesting to note here that on our last Bible Sunday program, we read the Scripture in 19 languages or dialects besides French and Kikongo, each of the 19

students using his own.) Of course, this being a Belgian colony, the official language is French. So it was deemed wise to change the name, K.E.T.I. into French. It became E.P.I. — *Ecole de Pasteurs et d'Insitituteurs des Missions Evangeliques.*

Even now, Bible and related subjects are practically always taught in Kikongo, but many subjects are taught entirely in French. No English is used or taught, except for one class in the post-graduate course. There it is taught in order that those students may be able to read useful English texts such as Sunday School helps, commentaries, etc.

Though E.P.I. remained the highest school for evangelical training, a monitors' school with a 4-yr. course grew rapidly in numbers. For those wanting only the evangelical training, the Bible Course remained. Then a post-graduate course was begun. The aim of this course was to give more theological training to those who had already received a diploma here and then taught for several years in a mission school, but felt a call to carry on definite evangelical work.

With all the academic training, hand work has not been neglected. Students learn carpentry and masonry — and receive practical education in helping build roads, mend roofs, repair bridges, etc. And — besides the regular garden which each family must keep to provide most of their food, the men have each received an additional plot where they try to put into practice what they learn in the agriculture classes.

Recently the government has begun to put into practice plans for helping missions, both Protestant and Catholic, improve their schools. There are no public schools, but the government has outlined programs for all levels of education and subsidizes schools that come up to standard. The future Congo set-up will be a very modern, well developed school system, still mostly in the hands of Missions but subjected to government inspection. In order to "get in line" with these plans and to receive aid from the government, it was necessary to bring in school boys from our three Missions and form a "central school" here. This is a much improved children's school consisting of higher grades than the former primary school. The original primary school must also be kept, for many children (and baby-sitters) coming

with the students must begin at the very beginning. That means we have many courses here to-day.

The Post-Graduate Theology Course (only 9 students).

The 4 yr. Monitors' Course: 4th yr. 23 students; 3rd yr. 27 students; 2nd yr. 34 students; 1st yr. 59 students. (After these monitors receive their diplomas here and teach school for a few years, they may come back for the Theology Course.)

The Bible School — 21 students. These will not do much school teaching. They will work in churches out in the districts.

The Women's School — 5 classes — 121 women. They are mostly the wives of the students — a few are workmen's wives.

The Central School for Boys — 166 students. These have come from S.M.F., B.M.S., and A.B.F.M.S. missions just for this school and hope to continue through the whole course.

The Primary School — 247 children. (Children of students, baby-sitters, children of workmen, and children from near-by villages.)

This makes a school population of 707. Besides these — there are well over a hundred pre-school children; many workmen, carpenters, masons, roof-thatchers, etc. and their wives. Then, too, we have African teachers: only three, so far, on the E.P.I. staff, but 13 others serving in the primary school.

The missionary staff includes 14 people: 2 single ladies from Sweden — 2 married couples from Sweden (and 3 Swedish children) — 2 married couples from England (one couple is Welsh) — and 2 couples from America (and one American child).

This sounds as though I wish to emphasize that Kimpese is only a school. Not so. Come to the church, — an attractive building set on a knoll and surrounded by mango trees. But it's far too small. Over three hundred boys and girls sit outside, under the trees, at every regular service. The church is in use seven days a week — and seldom only once per day. There are chapel service every morning — classes in preaching — prayer meetings — church business sessions — choir practice — two services every Sunday morning and one every Sunday afternoon. All students are members of the Kimpese church during their stay here. Kimpese is a church, too.

And come with me a little farther, — only 3 kilometers awa

There you will see an immense, modern, most beautiful hospital almost completed. It, too, is a Union project — aided by large sums from the government. The S.M.F., B.M.S. and A.B.F.M.S. are together there, too. The Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Disciples of Christ have joined us in that work. We are close neighbors (for Congo !); we are good friends; and we work together. Already we are sharing trucks, cement-mixers, man power, etc. We hope to share doctors and teachers and nurses between the two institutions. The name of the new hospital is *Institute Medicale Evangelique*, so it is called I.M.E. A doctor is already there, but since nothing but the hospital is built yet, he and his wife are "camping" in the new building while they supervise the work. The address of the hospital will also be "Kimpese". We think the doctor put it quite cleverly when he explained to the students the relation between the two projects: he said " 'E.P.I.' has a wife. The wife's name is 'I.M.E.' " So now you must distinguish, in your thoughts, E.P.I. and I.M.E., — but we are both *Kimpese* and, in a sense, we are "one".

"Kimpese" — railroad station, monitors' school, pastors' school, hospital, church? All of that. But it's even more. To us, it's almost a way of life. Missionary families, husband and wife, teach every day — or work amongst the sick. They teach — and care for — African families, husband, wife and children. They live right amongst them, they sit amongst them in church and school. We're all here together for one reason. We know our Saviour and are working to spread His message. A family spirit develops. The Africans have a name for it, — *Kintwadi* (together-ness). We feel the bonds even when we are away from Kimpese. We feel it when former students write back to us. They feel it when they write 'Greetings to our Mother E.P.I. and all the friends at Kimpese!"

So E.P.I., Kimpese and I.M.E., Kimpese are in need of your prayers. Amongst these many young men and young women, there should be many that could be used by the Master. As they study day by day and learn to follow in the footsteps of the Great Teacher and the Great Physician may He set their hearts on fire so that they will be willing to heed His call and go out to the darkest parts of this their country to garner in souls for His harvest.

# *MEMORIES OF KIMPESE YEARS*

CATHARINE L. MABIE

*Dr. Catharine L. Mabie was a member of the Kimpese staff from 1912 to 1941. As well as being the doctor and the nurse, she taught many subjects and translated books into the Native language. Although she retired in 1941, she is still continuing to write books in Kikongo as well as letters to many former students.*

ALONG about 1907 or 1908 the B.M.S. and the S.M.F. and our mission began conversations concerning the desirability of cooperation in a common training center for the needed Christian workers in our areas. We decided that it should not be at a station of any one of the three missions, but at a new site which should develop into an educational center for the entire Bas Congo area. At that time it was practically impossible to secure new sites for mission stations from the Government. Our mission had a plot of land at Kimpese, on the railway and at the dividing line between B.M.S. and our areas, and not far from the chief station of the S.M.F. So it was accepted. I rather think it was a home secretary of the S.M.F. out on an inspection trip, who cautioned that mission from participation in the new venture. At any rate they did not come into the cooperation for a considerable time. Happily now they are in enthusiastic cooperation.

Another decision arrived at after a good deal of hesitation and some opposition was that the new venture should be a family school and that no male student would be acceptable if he were married and did not bring his wife, also children if there were children. In our matriarchal society it had been very difficult to persuade wives and wives' families that they should accompany their evangelist-teacher husbands to the new districts to which they had been sent by their churches. The preaching of the Gospel needs the confirmation of Christian family daily living, demonstrating its utility among a primitive people. So some of us were very insistent that the new school should be a family school. We won out.

I have long thought that having had a woman doctor in re-

sidence almost from the beginning had much to do with the solving of the difficult problem of winning the wives to hearty cooperation and happiness in the school program. In the beginning they did not want to come; said they had been dragged there by their husbands, etc. They took scant interest in their class-room work. They wanted to return home whenever a relative died. The first few years, work with the women students was not very satisfactory. However the continuous medical care and treatment which the whole family received began to gain their approval and gratitude. Very few babies died in student families, while so many did back in their towns. So they began to realize that Kimpese was a really good place to rear little children. From the beginning we conducted weekly baby clinics. Babies who came with big spleens and frequent bouts of malarial fever, after months of treatment, with continuous daily administration of quinine, were happy, well, little youngsters. We cleared out intestinal parasites and brought the little folks, adults as well, back to normal health and so tended to keep the entire school population at daily classes.

It seemed to me forty years ago that the Kimpese institution offered the best opportunity for doing constructive health education that there was in that area. The families there in training would be key families when back in their own areas in designated fields. With some knowledge of the causes of their diseases and preventive measures, with simple text books on physiology and hygiene they would become centers of health propaganda. So I decided to go to Kimpese and have never regretted it.

From the beginning I was able to have regular classroom instruction in the men's, women's and children's departments in health education. Some clinical observation together with suggestive comments was also possible. The microscope proved a most valuable instrument of real education in the causes of their diseases. A mother with a baby burning up with malarial fever could be shown the malarial microscopic microörganisms causing the fever and was so shown again and again, the father also. She could be shown various types of intestinal parasites through seeing under the microscope the variety of eggs. Then she was told again and again how these gained entrance into the human host, so was the father and big brother or sister. Among an animis-

tic, spirit-fearing people no instrument is more powerful in dis sipating superstition than the microscope. Throughout their thre or four years residence at Kimpese, men, women, older childre were frequently shown disease microorganisms and told they wer transmitted from person to person. Small groups of women stu dents were called to see obstetric procedure, conducted for man years preferably in student houses so that they might gain know ledge and courage to go and do likewise in the village houses i towns where they would be living. If conducted in the hospit with much better facilities, the women would say there were n such facilities in the out-districts, and so feel there was nothin they could do to improve village procedures. Each year when firs women's classes assembled we spent some days listening to wha they had ventured doing for their neighbors. Some reported hav ing had women's meetings, some children's story hours, etc. On morning a young woman could hardly contain herself until he time came to report. She sprang to her feet and said, "I resurrec ed a baby ! I resurrected a baby !" She had dared work with a apparently still-born baby of another clan than her own, an brought it to breathing. This was a double triumph in courage fo only a grandmother, a maternal one at that, or a near relativ may handle or even touch a new born baby. She won! And di the other women listen to her story!

Timotio Vingadio was of great assistance in the medic work and health education for many years. Later Eli Tulanda be came an invaluable co-worker in these departments. Both coul put it across to the student body, the latter much more effectivel than I could, and did so with ever increasing abilty. When w went itinerating one or the other would hold exciting and ver well worthwhile health sessions with the men while I was doin so with the women of the districts.

During my thirty-year period as a member of the Kimpes staff I think I taught almost every subject on the curricula of th three men's departments and in the women's and children's als We were always short-staffed and furlough substitution had to b taken care of. Two or three courses are highlighted in memory One was the weekly course for the senior women which Timoti and I conducted jointly, sitting together with the women, concern

ing the privileges and duties of a pastors' wife, a Christian mother in the rearing and instruction of her children, her church responsibilities, etc. In this class we just asked and answered questions, talked together, tried to work out solutions to often difficult problems in Christian ethics. Vingadio, who for a man had an uncommon appreciation of a woman's attitude and intuition, was of the greatest possible assistance in these forums.

The second class highlighted in my memory was that in Old Testament History, a two year course with our first of the theological students returned after a four or five year period of excellent service, following graduation in the pastors' course. They were so eager, were so much more familiar with their Bibles than the usual students. We were able to take a bird's eye view of the entire Old Testament period and the inter-testament 400 years during the first year and have wonderfully interesting class-room sessions reading and discussing the Major and several Minor Prophets' messages to us in our day, during the second year. This was the crowning satisfaction of my teaching experiences.

Dreams more than come true. Many of mine for Kimpese are coming true at any rate. The new Medical Training Center in which so many mission societies (may they multiply) are cooperating, exceeds my dream for such an addition to the already established schools. I earnestly hope and pray that a virile real theological department may develop in the near future for our Congo church needs far better trained pastors than it now has. At Kimpese can be developed out of its various schools a college and some day a Congo university, I trust, which will be of great blessing to the Church of Christ in Congo. It's a great satisfaction to have been a vital part of the institution from its inception and to have seen it develop into the stature it has attained today. I trust it may never grow in numbers until close intimate contact between tutor and student be no longer possible for therein lies the most profitable experience of both teacher and pupil in any educational institution.

I still remember with joy our Christmas morning pageants which were real worship occasions, as were a few Easter ones. May they continue too.

# *AS I REMEMBER KIMPESE*

TIMOTEO VINGADIO

*Timoteo Vingadio was a school boy at Banza Manteke when Dr. Mabie served that station. He later came to study at E.P.I. After graduating he joined the E.P.I. staff and was for many years the only Native member. He is a born teacher and an enthusiastic evangelist. Missionaries and students sought him out time and again for counsel and advice on Native palavers and spiritual matters. He collaborated with Dr. Mabie in translating and producing several books. Although he retired in 1949, he is far from inactive. He itinerates and gives stirring gospel messages — his chief aims being to crush out old fears and superstitions and make Christ King; and to teach husbands and wives to join in their service to God and bring up their children in Christian homes.*

KIMPESE was first occupied a long time ago by Mr. Harvey and Mr. Hoste. But, I believe, there were not enough white men . . . and they had to abandon it. Some years later the missions wanted to build a better and larger school in order to teach the people of lower Congo. They sought for a good site to build on and remembered this place at Kimpese so they agreed to build the school here.

When they had reached an agreement Mr. Moon and Mr. Lewis came to build the mission station. There was also a Native teacher named Lazalo. He was the one who came first and built a house. He had a great deal of trouble trying to settle palavers with our enemies. But God strengthened him so that he succeeded. He died and was buried here at Kimpese. His own village was Mbanza Nkazi, near Banza Manteke.

The white folks began to build K.E.T.I. and while it was still in the building students began to arrive. At that time they had a lot of trouble because of lack of food. At the market place there was not enough food for the people who worked for the railroad company and for others and because of this quarrels took place, even though they were forbidden. Plates and baskets returned empty to the houses. At that time the people of this country were

not awake to cultivate gardens as they are now, and there were no traders as now.

Some Saturdays the people of the mission station would go to some of the near-by villages to seek for food. Sometimes they could buy food, but at other times they returned without any. The white men also tried to order food from various places. The villages which helped most with beans and bananas were on the Bangu plateau, Kimpanzu and Kintumba. In these villages there were believers and because of this they helped by selling a little food to the students. In Lamba also there were our people.

One reason food was lacking was because the people at Kimpese did not plant good gardens. But in 1917 the students who came here had to plant their own gardens, beginning just behind our houses and reaching to the Makombo stream. The students were compelled to plant sweet-potatoes, peanuts and manioc. Thus the people of K.E.T.I. did not need to buy as much food as formerly.

At that time, too, there were not very many students in the school, only about twelve. From that time to the present the number has increased to almost 200.

The work at Kimpese has not been in vain. Of those who went out from the first class, some are still in the work, but others died while in the work. God knows to choose His own.

The building up of Kimpese also bound us in a *kintwadi kia-kedika*. (a true togetherness). Before this school was started many at Banza Manteke, in their pride, thought that they knew a lot and were well taught. At Ngombe (a B.M.S. station) it was the same and at Sona Bata it was so also. But after they started Kimpese it was seen that everywhere there were some who had a lot of knowledge and some who lacked a lot of knowledge, there were some who were very faithful and there were some who were not very faithful. This became better known in the coming together in the school at Kimpese.

Then, too, Kimpese gave rise to other schools in different places and so became in a sense the mother of schools.

So Kimpese is doing a great work in Belgian Congo. May it continue to ever be what it should be.

# *REMINISCENCES*

GEORGE W. CARPENTER

*Dr. George Carpenter came to Kimpese 25 years ago. Besides teaching, he built several school buildings, installed the hydro-electric plant, and the ram which still pumps water to our various residences, and put the finishing touches on our beautiful church. He erected a number of other smaller buildings, and also wrote and translated text books. Now he is Director of LECO at Léopoldville. LECO is another "union project" established by the Congo Protestant Council. It is a splendid book store and printing establishment which is of inestimable value to scores of Protestant Missions in Central Africa.*

ONE cannot write about the Kimpese that was without seeing it through the remembrance of what it has become— as one remembers a boy in relation to the man he is — or without recalling the hundreds of Christian men and women in many parts of Congo whose lives reflect their years of training there. We have just returned from the airport after sending off to Brussels for advanced training one of the men it was my privilege to teach at Kimpese in the early 1930's. He is the first to go — may there be many more in years to come ! But there would never have been any without the patient foundation-laying of Congo Christian educational work, centering in the Kimpese training school.

My first acquaintance with Kimpese began late in the afternoon of May 10, 1928. The narrow gauge train from Matadi had been winding over the hills ever since early morning, its third-class cars — built like old fashioned open trolley cars with seats across and steps along the side — filled with black humanity, assorted live-stock and such odoriferous cargo as dried fish and sour manioc bread. It was a relief when we rattled down the last corkscrew bend into a valley blocked on the north by a great jutting headland of mountains. "That range is the Bangu," I was told, "and Kimpese lies just in front of it." We left the train at Kimpese station, and then had a half mile ride to the school in a red two-wheeled cart pulled by two lithe Congo youths and surrounded by a yelling crowd of children. One of those youths was junior orderly in Dr.

Mabie's dispensary; he is now senior medical assistant at the Sona Bata Hospital. The other was learning to set type for the little platen press Kimpese had just acquired. He is now head compositor in LECO's busy press where this will be printed. The first book we worked on together was reprinted here last year in an edition of twenty thousand.

The Moons, the Reynolds, and Dr. Mabie met me in front of the still unfinished chapel. They were the staff. The Trustees were having their annual meeting so there was a big table-full of people at supper. Pastor Mafioti, veteran of many years service as itinerant evangelist, had come in to talk with Mr. Moon about his work, bringing his assistant, young Davidi Zalema, a graduate of Kimpese the previous year. There seemed to be an incessant coming and going of all manner of people demanding the time and attention of the missionaries. Already I was learning that Kimpese was a busy and active place, where the staff gave themselves without stint in helpful counsel and service.

Early the next morning the Chapel bell called us to prayers. The building seemed over-large, for the entire station personnel filled only the front part. (Now not even half of the school population can crowd in at one time.)

I was asked to speak, and Mr. Moon translated; and after that Joseph Luvengika led in prayer. His face was saintly, but I remember wondering irreverently whether even God could understand what he said ! Kikongo was just a succession of noises to me then. Luvengika was "Kapita" or superintendent of all the workmen. He was actually much more than that, the trusted counsellor of all the student families and of the missionaries, whose gentle Christian grace solved many crises and enriched the lives of everyone who knew him.

Those were the days when servants were a problem chiefly because it was difficult not to have too many of them. Every small boy with a spark of ambition tried to get taken on at the mission so he could go to school and learn. Mrs. Moon could never resist such appeals, especially of those who were frail or especially in need, so the household staff numbered anything up to fifteen, of all ages, sizes, and conditions.

I was given a personal boy to look after my room and laun-

dry, a thoughtful introspective lad named Thomas Mampembe. His mother was dead; his father was railway station master at Kimpese, the first Congolese ever appointed to such an important post. Mrs. Moon used to say she would give a lot to know Tommy's thoughts. He knew a little French, and so did I, so we could understand each other somewhat even before I learned any Kikongo. When my baggage arrived I hung some pictures in my room. Thomas was fascinated by one of them and finally took it down, brought it to me and said: "Who is that ?"

"My father."

"How old is he ?"

"Fifty. Why did you want to know ?"

"Well, he is fifty and his hair is partly white. Dr. Mabie's hair is all white. So perhaps she is a hundred ?"

Thomas Mampembe subsequently earned his navigator's license on Congo river boats, but has left that service and now holds a responsible commercial position in Léopoldville. His father, retired long ago on pension, was chief of the vast village community that has grown up at Lufu, aflourishing new commercial center on the railway, until his death a few weeks ago.

A month after my arrival Mr. and Mrs. Moon left for furlough and Dr. Mabie went to Belgium for the La Zoute Conference on African Missions. The Reynolds and I were left alone for the dry season and well into the ensuing school year. I had to learn enough Kikongo to start teaching in September. It was not easy. The words and constructions were all new, there was no similarity at all to anything I knew. So what I learned one day was all gone by the next, and I seemed to make no progress at all. And without language one feels very helpless.

One of my first jobs was to prepare for the installation of a hydraulic ram on a small stream issuing from a spring in the valley. We had to blast away a ledge of rock to concentrate the fall of the stream in one place to operate the ram. Despite my engineering training I had no actual experience at all with dynamite, and was a bit fearful of accidents. So, after the hole for the first charge was drilled, I thought it best to go alone during siesta-hour, to set off the charge so that no one else would be involved. I carefully inserted cap and fuse, placed the charge in the hole, tamped it in,

lit the fuse, and retired a safe distance to wait. Then to my horror I saw a Congo woman coming down the hill on a path that went close to the ledge. I could not explain the danger, I didn't even know how to tell her to turn back. The only work I could think of was "*wiza*!" (Come here!). She saw me, but didn't come. She stopped by a little palm and started picking up palm-nuts. Again I shouted "*wiza*!" She still didn't come. So I ran out and pulled her away from there. And then the dynamite didn't go off! My colleagues had plenty of explaining to do after that.

September came, the student families returned, and school began. I began to learn Kikongo in deadly earnest under the driving necessity of daily teaching. What the students learned those first months I don't know. I do know they taught me a lot, and the friendships of those days have remained and grown across the years. There were only a few — seventeen families all told if my memory serves. Now there are well over a hundred, besides large numbers of younger, unmarried students who were not provided for at all in those days.

They come from much farther away, too. In the beginning the students almost rioted when they found that families from different sections of the lower Congo were assigned adjoining houses. Animosities between clans were still strong. The trustees debated a long time before they consented to let us receive students from Vanga, for they spoke a different language and some doubted whether they could understand what we were trying to teach. We were all surprised when they learned Kikongo perfectly in a few weeks. We had realized neither the basic similarity of the languages nor the amazing linguistic capacity of the Congolese. Now some students come from far up-river and one even from Lac Mwero at the extreme south-east of the Colony. So little by little the outreach of the work has grown across the years.

May the next twenty-five years see even greater progress than the last.

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"*A wise man will hear, and will increase learning.*" *Prov. 1:5.*

# *KIMPESE 1919 - 1951*

P. J. NZAKIMWENA

*P. J. Nzakimwena first came to Kimpese as a child when hi father entered E.P.I. as a student. Later, Nzakimwena himself cam and received a diploma from the Monitor's Course. Several years la ter he returned to take the Post-Graduate Course. Now he is employ ed as a pastor by his own mission (B.M.S.) but we are pleased an proud to have him return again as guest speaker for special programs*

I FIRST saw Kimpese in 1919, when I was only 7 years old, but can never forget that first view of it. The place we now cal E.P.I. was called K.E.T.I. at that time and was not very large. O the hill above E.P.I., on the road toward the railroad station, ther were some houses and stores of some Belgians. They had a larg plantation.

Our school did not have many students nor were there man buildings. The students had their gardens just behind their ow houses because we did not have very much land. People did no have very much food — sometimes they were hungry, especiall during that year of 1919. My father entered the school that yea We were four children in the home and I cannot forget the hunge we had.

The building in which we had prayer services was very sma and there were no school rooms. I cannot now remember just wher the students had their classes. If my father were near I could as him, but as I remember it we had our school also in the little build ing we used as a church, and sometimes on the green grass outside

When my father finished the course in 1922, I was able to rea and write a little. When I was a young man of 21 I entered the Kim pese school, in 1933. At that time I found a great change (1) Kimpese had become a large village and many buildings ha been constructed that I had not seen when I was a boy. (2) A larg church had been built and a large school building. There wer many manioc and other gardens. We did not see hunger again thi time for there was a lot of land to use because the Belgians had sol their plantation to E.P.I. (3) That year the name K.E.T.I. wa

changed to E.P.I. That year they started a course for normal students. From that year a great increase followed with construction of student houses, school rooms, infirmary. Beginning that year, too, the subjects taught and the teaching constantly increased.

When I had finished my 3 years I returned to my district to take up church work. But I was called back to Kimpese in 1939 to take the theological course. At that time, too, I saw a difference in the place. White teachers were living up on the hill, another mission had joined ( the Swedish Mission). In several of the valleys they had planted many different kinds of fruit trees, such as oranges, mangoes, papayas, and other trees in order to get firewood for burning bricks.

Several small villages were built for students and workmen which were given the names of Luvuvamu, Divangamene, Kukiele, Luzizila (Peace, Accomplished, Dawn, Patience).

I left Kimpese again in 1941 and returned to my district and the work of the church and am continuing to the present. But whenever I visit Kimpese I see some new thing has been added. This year I was called there to preach one Sunday and I was very much surprised to see large forests of trees which we had helped to plant with our hands, and a large group of students — well over a hundred and fifty, and they had added a "selected" primary school.

I was also taken out to where they have started to build a large hospital which I had not seen before. When I remember the Kimpese of my boyhood in 1919 then it is difficult to believe that that Kimpese is really this one.

The one thing which grips my heart the most is this: While this country is increasing in knowledge of many worldly things, God has also opened the way for His people to increase in the knowledge which is of greatest value in their lives — the knowledge of God. And the purpose of Kimpese is to increase the knowledge of God in the hearts of the people.

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*"Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil." Prov. 3:7*

# *GROWING PAINS*

ELMER G. HALL

AN institution is only a disembodied spirit without physical equipment. Which must come first and what effect one has on the other can probably never be settled as long as people vary so much in their emphases.

"Here is a building, let's have an institution;" or "this school in order to get going, must have a building." Whichever it is, Kimpese runs little risk of possessing more facilities than it can employ. In fact, we have always been characterized by a breathless-situation like company arriving a half hour too early. The beginning of 1951 looked on a scene of 16 new students with no place to lay their heads until two days later a temporary structure sprang up. One class room short is a chronic condition. "May I get married next term ?" has often met a negative reply.

Nevertheless, 43 years ago corrugated iron sheds for church and school stood out as an improvement over mud and thatch. Brick clay inaugurated a new era of bell-tower church and arched-verandah school buildings with one-room-separate-kitchen student-family dwellings. Student body increased steadily, courses were changed, new ones added, sights raised as to type of service E.P.I. should render and facilities needed. Now wars came and went and decade became plural while plans and needs for training far outstripped the physical equipment. In a period of 15 years, during which ordinary building material was practically unpurchasable, the student body doubled and was housed, thanks to clay and thatch. Now six years later again, a new doubling has taken place, yet no one sleeps outdoors or in unreasonably crowded quarters; but public buildings for a greatly enlarged service have scarcely changed.

The long dry spell of large-construction-nil was broken by the Tilton buildings; the gift from a retired Economics professor set the ball rolling. A Science-Geography building 9 meters by 28 meters of well burned brick is functioning for the two largest monitor classes.

The inevitable wait on results of reforestation for brick burn-

ing led to the concrete block era and now the new garage and repair shop, followed by the two-room-bathroom-shower E.P.I. guest house.

Now the new Bureau of three rooms could wait no longer but as usual was usurped by classes. During this period the idea of personnel houses came in for earnest consideration. A faculty solely of Europeans is not in line with the best thinking of our generation. Congolese permanent staff with growing families merit more than student quarters. Four of this type of house have been completed, improved on by manifold criticism, white and black, becoming an attractive 5 1/2 meter by 11 1/2 meter dwelling of concrete blocks (dining room, parents' bedroom, children's bedroom, living room, study), permanent roof of cooling properties, cement floors, adequate doors and windows, no ceiling, small front porch, and tiny kitchen separate — cost $600 to $900 depending on local conditions and state of market.

The long shadow of government partial grants for major buildings creeps now slowly into the picture. We asked for full grants on four major projects, being assured that a Belgian contracting firm could, with the approval of the government, be secured, leaving the E.P.I. staff to continue with the never-ceasing program of smaller construction. The firm drew up plans, to the tune of 9 million francs, for a 4-room Monitors' School building with clock tower and library upper story, a six-room Primary School with complete dormitories and facilities for 250 pupils (the practice school), and a work shop for wood working classes.

The reply of special Foundation in charge of full government grants was first: estimates too high; second: some buildings too large; third: this fund no longer interested in primary school buildings; fourth: ask for simplified monitors' class rooms and work shop.

When months grew into years the latter came to fruition and at the present writing the foundation for the Monitors' School spreads out its 43 meters paralled with the football field; a 380,000 gray under the moon tower of Babel brick kiln is cooling. The roof of the concrete block work shop is rising, to the tune of "Babylon's fallin', Babylon's fallin' to rise no more." The historic emphasis of Kimpese on the dignity of labor has received further implement-

ing as this modern carefully designed building proudly takes its stand on the periphery of the green of the playing field.

The ground for the foundation of the 50 meter long Primary School is today being broken. The materials for the dormitories to stretch 100 meters along skyline between us and our Bangu plateau are on hand. All this has meant scouring the hills for small stones; probing the stream beds for rocks and gravel; procuring hundreds of cubic meters of sand, carried in sacks, boxes, baskets and trucks; tens of tons of cement by rail; cutting and sawing hardwood trees from which tens of thousands of pieces of lumber must be measured, planed and fitted by hand for beds, tables, benches, chairs , desks, roofs, blackboards, etc.

Well left to last, for in some minds of least importance, the cottages of the 14 missionaries (American, British, Swedish) present all shades of structural ideas beginning with those of wood perched on iron stilts to escape the white ants to the most recent with walls made of thin slabs of ground-up trees, resembling shredded wheat. In between is a rambling ranch type as one missionary attached on cubicles for each new daughter presented him in his search for a boy. The house in which the writer lives extended back from its three - rooms - in-a-line slowly as back verandah became breezeway and attached kitchen as fast as the missionary doctor, previous tenant, received more crates of epsom salts from England. Two dwellings have wood floors, their occupants having been brought up on the tradition that cement is for stables only.

The living room with the finest view on two sides is prophetically an African personnel house. We pray for the day when African leaders see so well how to carry on that strangers will need no longer come live in this strange land, having built on firm foundations a dwelling for the Spirit not made with hands and eternal in the heavens, more abiding than the benevolent Bangu which has tolerantly smiled all these years on our puny growing pains.

# *MUSIC IN THE AIR*

MARGARET HALL

I'VE got a song, You've got a song, All of God's children got a song; When I get to Heaven, goin' to sing a new song, Goin, to sing all over God's Heaven." But "all of God's children" at Kimpese aren't waiting until they get to Heaven to sing. Throughout the day various songs may be heard coming from divers quarters.

Soon after the 5:45 rising bell there floats out on the morning the marching songs of the Second Degree school children who are doing gymnastics on the clearing or playing games on the football field. At the same time the younger children busy at various types of manual work enliven their tasks with some native tune.

A bell at 6:30 calls the 175 men students on Monday and Thursday for a short singing lesson. New hymns from the "Minkunga mia Kintwadi" (a collection of 963 in Kikongo) to be sung during the week in daily chapel are learned from a blackboard by the Tonic Sol-fa Method, and old ones perfected. Each man has a notebook: "My Collection of Songs" in which to copy the music for these and any others. He also has a folder for preserving mimeographed or printed sheets distributed from time to time.

Daily chapel at 8 o'clock sees the whole community, over 900 strong, gathered in the church and under surrounding trees to lift their hearts in songs of praise or petition, being led now by the new organ, a gift of friends in Sweden.

Following chapel the women have singing, the lower classes on Tuesday, others on Wednesday. The latter are really the Women's Choir and do very fine two and three part work, sometimes combining with the men in a mixed choir. During the remainder of the morning more melody may be heard as every class has one hour per week of "Musique" which is both theory(study of Tonic Sol-fa Method and later of Staff Notation) and singing, along with Methodology for those in Monitors' School. One of the men's classes meets just next door to a women's cooking class. The other day when the men were studying children's songs and sang

with motions "Bonso bobo tulambanga" (This is the way we cook our food) the women, as it was afterwards learned, had a good time singing as they actually cooked.

The First Degree begins school at 2 o'clock with singing and closes at 5 with a rousing song. Then in the declining hours of the tropical day groups of children here and there in the student villages, in circles or marching formation, repeat what they have learned in school or imitate songs of the older children, while little brothers and sisters of pre-school age form a participating audience.

Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock the men's choir, a group of 48 chosen for quality of voice, knowledge of music, and scholarship, meet for practice. Africans are naturals when it it comes to rhythm, and harmony is second nature to many, but few solo voices are found. However, this year's group has a soloist with a lovely voice, a man from our old A.B.F.M.S. station Tondo. "There is a Balm in Gilead" with Mongu doing the solo is their best number. Other spirituals are among their favorites, especially "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" and "He is King of Kings."

The dedication recently of the new organ was an occasion for a special program of music which included numbers by each of the choirs: boys', women's, men's; songs and choruses by all; and missionary ensembles: organ, violin, guitar, accordion. But perhaps at no time does music so completely fill the air as when the whole community gathers some Sunday evenings just at sundown in the amphitheatre surrounding the football field for a vesper service of song.

Kimpese becomes a rehearsal for the "new song" beginning to be sung all over God's earth in prospect for the singing "all over God's Heaven".

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*"I will sing praise to thy name, Oh thou most High." Psalm 9:2*

# *EVANGELISM AT E. P. I.*

HENRY ERICKSON

E.P.I. originated as an Evangelical Training Institute. Although Monitors' School, Women's School, Primary Schools and Manual Work have grown considerably during the years — Evangelism must always be the heart of E.P.I.'s education. If the leaders going out from E.P.I. are not real Christians E.P.I. will have failed in its main task.

E.P.I. is a unique community. It really is a community of Christians. Only Christians are admitted as students. No student, whose wife is a non-Christian can be accepted. Most of the workmen are church members. Several of the new apprentices have joined the Inquirers' Class as have nearly all of the boys in the the Central School who are not yet church members. But these people must all grow in Christian faith. That is one of the tasks of the teachers. Another is to challenge them with their responsibility to carry the Message of Salvation to others.

Many classes are held besides the regular studies in Old and New Testament, Church History, Bible Lands, etc. All men students must go out on Sundays to preach in neighboring villages. They attend classes in sermon preparation to help them for this service. All members of the top classes take turns in conducting the daily chapel services.

The women, too, are taught to conduct meetings. They take their turns at conducting chapel services and also in teaching Bible stories and songs in the nursery class during the Sermon Hour.

Junior Church has its own Sunday morning service as well as its own Tuesday night prayer meeting. The students' evening study hour always closes with a prayer — a student in each room acting as leader for his class.

The Inquirers Class numbers over 80. Twenty-one were baptized last February and we are looking forward to another similar group from this class soon.

It is true that since the government has helped us with money for our schools our teachers' course has increased in numbers. Some may fear that this indicates a change of trend among the

staff members or of the board of managers. They fear E.P.I. may be becoming more interested in education for its own sake. Many of the E.P.I. staff members would leave immediately if E.P.I. were to cease being an *evangelical* school. That was its first aim — and we hope it still is today — and that it shall ever continue to be so. We hope to see our Theological Course grow in numbers. We envisage more students in Bible Courses. We feel that a huge task confronts E.P.I. — to train these new Africans to become real Ambassadors for Christ — that, whether they become teachers or preachers, they be evangelical in spirit and aim, spreading the glorious message of salvation in Christ to those whom they serve.

## *E. P. I. - GRAMS*

1. Daily Matins :
   — Each and every one of the 80 some infants raises his voice in indignation when mother, who *must* go to school, hands him over to the baby-sitter and walks off to class.
2. Recreation and Refreshment.
   At 10:00 another bell rings — and class rooms empty.
   Faculty goes out for morning coffee — students go to rest tired minds and exercise stiff limbs, — and babies are brought to mothers for a 15 minute visit.
3. Inspection.
   Our students homes are divided into 6 "villages". At 5:30 every Friday evening, the 6 married couples of the missionary staff make rounds. Each couple has its village to check, — for clean floors and furniture, clean and neatly made beds, clean clothes and dishes, — clean grounds about the house and clean out-houses.
4. Co-operation.
   Wouldn't you like to have seen a long, long queue of fathers, mothers and children carrying heavy stones on their heads, from the river bed — crossing on a log, — gathering the stones into piles for the truck to carry up to the building site for the new school building ?

5. Gymnastics. How about some calisthenics ? Join our 174 men students and 166 boys at their exercises between 6 and 7 a.m. ! You would enjoy their games, especially when they sing native songs.
6. Did you ever see a brick kiln with 23 fire-boxes and almost 400,000 bricks ? E.P.I. has just burned one.
7. Do you like to fish ? E.P.I.'s hatcheries are getting along, so it's permissible to catch a fish for your supper !
8. Market Day. Every Thursday the women carry huge basins on their heads and trot off to market. They hope to exchange their greens or cabbages or bananas for some salt fish or bit of goat meat.
9. Women's work. Not only do the wives of the students conduct chapel services for the whole E.P.I. population for two weeks each semester — but they plan and conduct whole services for several Sunday afternoon meetings as well. Sometimes an "all-women's meeting" is requested. Then all the men go off to the surrounding villages and conduct extra meetings there.
10. Vespers on the Football Field.
    Occasionally the Sunday afternoon service is an informal one—singing, talks or testimonies and prayers, with all the men, women and children of E.P.I. gathered on the playing field. Sometimes, if the day has been extremely hot, the meeting is held in the evening. The moonlight, the evening breeze and the soft voices of hundreds joined in praise form a different close for the day.
11. Announcement Party.
    For the first time, we believe, staff members had the pleasure of attending an announcement party ! Dr. Stenstrom announced the engagement of Sigbrit Assarson, our newest staff member, to Charles Josephson of Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa. Both are members of the S.M.F. The staff wished them every happiness and extended the hope that Mr. Josephson might join the E.P.I. staff.

# *GREETINGS*

Greetings to all my friends — classmates of mine, all the men students I have learned to know here at E.P.I., and the missionaries with whom I have worked.

I entered E.P.I. as a student in 1930 and graduated in 1933. Ever since, I have been employed at E.P.I., — first as teacher and these later years as overseer, — of the gardens, of the general work, etc. E.P.I. has grown rapidly, but it is still a training school for those who want to serve. And all of us who have studied here feel a bond of fellowship and pride in our "Mother" E.P.I.

SAMUEL KIUNDU.

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The four A.B.F.M.S. members of the E.P.I. staff take this opportunity of thanking all our friends — those whose prayers and gifts have helped E.P.I. grow — those who keep in touch with E.P.I. delighting in its growth — and those who share our hope and ambitions for E.P.I.'s future, that out of this place may go forth many more to garner in souls for our Master's kingdom.

May we ask you to continue to pray for E.P.I. — especially for the students.

HALLS AND ERICKSONS

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*A busy day.*
*Do with a will the task that lies before,*
*So much there is for every man to do,*
*And soon the night when man can work no more*
*And none but he to life's behest is true*
*Who works with zeal, and pauses only when*
*He stretches forth his hand to help the men*
*Who fail or fall beside him on the way --*
*So runs the day.*

*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding. Prov. 9:10*

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*The fields are white to harvest,*
*The need is great indeed:*
*Then let us to our Master's call*
*Give our most earnest heed.*

*True love within these hearts of ours*
*For Christ who loved us so*
*Will prompt us to obedience*
*For His command to "Go".*

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*"It is no unworthy thing to wish to count for something and to do a great work in the world; but we shall count in the final audit not by the measure of our capacity, our business, our energy, but of the tenacity and vitality of our faith and love."*

RICHARD ROBERTS

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* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*